

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

938th Concert

Sunday, January 5, 1964  
8:00 P. M.  
In The East Garden Court

CAROLYN STANFORD, MEZZO SOPRANO  
REYNALDO REYES, PIANIST

Program

I

Air de Phedre: Cruelle Mère des Amours . . . . . Jean-Phillippe Rameau  
From the opera "Hippolyte et Aricie" (1683-1764)

Cruel mother of Eros, your vengeance has lost my guilty race. I will re-  
proach you no longer, if you make Hippolyte sensitive to my vows, but my  
crime is yours. You should cease being inflexible.

II

An die Musik. . . . . Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

You, lovely art, in how many dull hours when life's brutal circle ensnares  
me, have you kindled my heart in delightful warmth. You, lovely art, I  
thank you.

Wehmut . . . . . Franz Schubert

Whenever I wander through the meadows, I feel joy and woe. For all the  
beauty is doomed to fade and die.

Bei Dir! . . . . . Franz Schubert

Only with you do I feel alive and life worth while. Only with you the  
air is refreshing, the meadows are green. So soft the flowering of spring,  
so rich the evening air, so cool the forest, only when I am with you. With  
you grief loses its bitterness and pleasure increases. I am my real self  
only when I am with you.

III

Komm' bald . . . . . Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Why wait from day to day? Everything is blooming in the garden. Who  
comes and counts all the beautiful flowers? There are not enough eyes to  
look at them. I wish you would be one of the beloved ones who are faith-  
ful to me and remain with me.

Treue Liebe . . . . . Johannes Brahms

A maiden sat on the seashore and looked with longing into the horizon.  
"Where are you, my dearest, where are you so long? Evening came and the  
sun sank. "The waves will never bring you back to me. Where do I find  
you, my dearest again?" The water caressed her feet like dreams of  
wonderful hours. It drew her with quietness to the bottom. Never again  
stood the proud figure on the shore. She found her beloved.

Meine Liebe ist grün . . . . . Johannes Brahms

My love is green as the lilac bush, and beautiful as the sun fills the  
lilac bush with fragrance and joy. My soul has nightingale's wings, and  
in the blooming lilac, drunk with fragrance, it rejoices and sings of love.

IV

Ariettes Oubliées . . . . . Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

C'est l'extase langoureuse

This is the languor and ecstasy of love. Listen to the breezes, the rustle of leaves. Hear the warble of the birds and the sound of water. It is made for us and our love.

Il Pleure dans mon coeur

There are tears in my heart. What is this languor that penetrates it? What! No betrayal? This mourning has no reason. This truly is the worst pain, not to know why, without love and without hate, my heart is filled with grief.

Chevaux de Bois

Turn around, keep turning, good wooden horses. Turn often and do not stop. Turn, hobby horses, without needing the aid of spurs to make you gallop on. Turn, turn around! The velvet sky arrays itself slowly with golden stars. The church tolls a mournful knell. Turn to the gay tune of the drums. Keep turning.

I N T E R M I S S I O N

V

Six Minnelieder (1956) . . . . . Petr Eben  
Original texts from the Middle Ages (b. 1929)

Noci mila (Czech, 14th Century)

Dear night, you last so long, that I am pining for my loved one - that I can never more be with her. To whom shall I tell my sorrow? Dear Lord, let me not pine so long for this beauty.

Summer is Come (Anonymous, 13th Century)

Summer is come and winter gone. The days begin to grow long; and the birds every one make joy with song. Still strong care bindeth me despite the joy that's found in the land; all for a child that is so mild of hand.

Unter der Linden (Walther von der Vogelweide, 1170-1230)

Under the Linden Tree in the meadow were our beds. In the woods, deep in the valleys the nightingale sang sweetly. When I arrived at the meadow, my beloved was already waiting. Did he kiss me? A thousand times. But only he and I know and a little bird who will be very discreet.

Du bist min (Anonymous, 12th Century)

You are mine, I am yours. Of that you can be sure. You are locked in my heart and the key is lost. You must forever remain inside.

Non mi mandar messaggi (Italian 13th Century)

Don't send me messages that are false. Don't send me messages that are guilty, for I can see it in your eyes.

Ballade des dames du temps jadis (Francois Villon)

Tell me, in what country is Flora, the beautiful Roman, Archipiade or Thais, her cousin? Where are the snows of yore? Where is the very wise Helois and where is the queen who commanded that Buridan be thrown into the Seine? Queen Blance, Berthe, Bietris, Alys, Haremburgis and Jehanne, whom the English burned at Rouen, where are they all? Where are the snows of yore?

VI

Hotel (Apollinaire 1940) . . . . . Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

The sun shines through the window of my room, shaped as a cage. I light  
my cigarette and begin to dream. I do not wish to work, just to smoke.

Montparnasse (Apollinaire 1945) . . . . . Francis Poulenc

O door of the hotel, with two green plants, where are my fruits? Where  
shall I plant myself? Give me forever a room by the week. Bearded angel,  
you are in reality a lyric poet of Germany who wishes to know Paris. Your  
eyes resemble two large balloons floating in the air seeking adventure.

Hyde Park (Apollinaire 1945) . . . . . Francis Poulenc

The religious fanatics are preaching in the fog. The shadows nearby are  
playing blind-man's bluff. Look at the Cyclopes and their pipes. Sacred  
glances, enamoured hands and lovers as well as preachers are preaching.

VII

Gentle Lady . . . . . Tibor Serly  
(b. 1900)

Silently She's Combing . . . . . Tibor Serly

Willow River . . . . . Paul Nordoff  
(b. 1909)

Recuerdo . . . . . Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco  
(b. 1895)

Miss Stanford appears through arrangement with  
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